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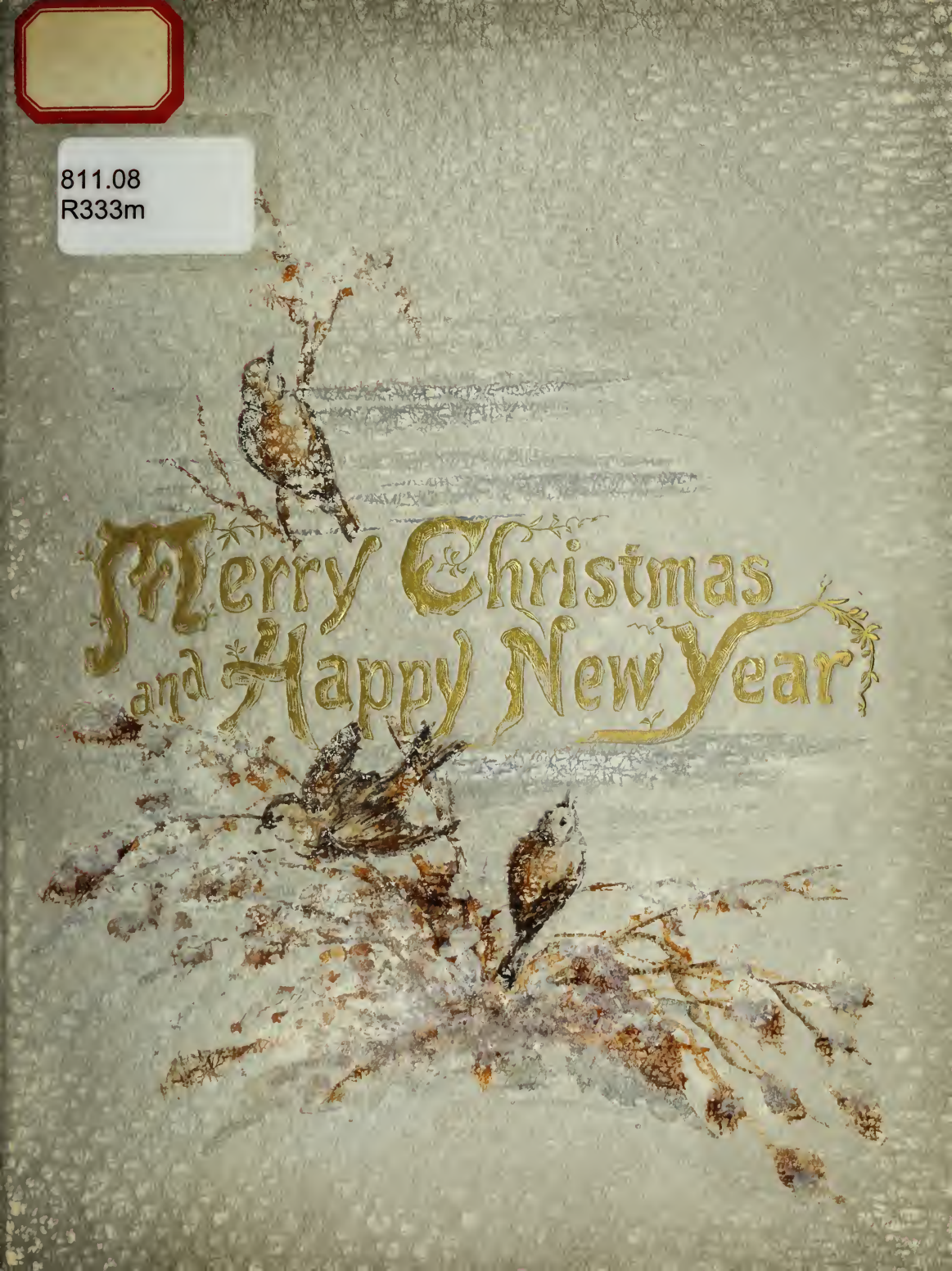

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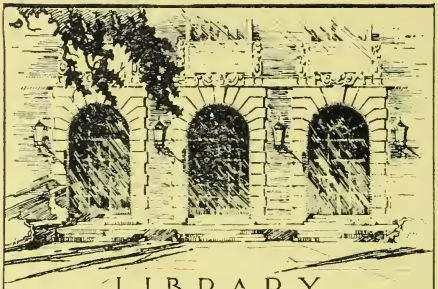

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Merry Christmas

and

Happy New Year

COMPILED BY

Martha Brotherson Reynolds,

PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their own familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Longfellow.

J. W. FRANKS & SONS, PUBLISHERS, PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

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27Feb.42 g Mrs. B Clark

Faithful and True Series:

COMPILED BY

Martha Brotherson Reynolds.

The King's Daughter.

Songs in the Night.

Oil of Joy for Mourning.

Eastertide.

Thanksgiving.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Merry Christmas to the Children.

Blessings on the Baby.

Birthday Thoughts and Greetings.

Marriage Bells.

J. W. FRANKS & SONS PUBLISHERS, PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

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Christmas, Merry Christmas! Is it really come again
With its memories and greetings, with its joy and with its pain.
There's a minor in the carol, and a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining with the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken by laughter light and low
As we listen in the starlight to the bells across the snow.

O Christmas, Merry Christmas! 'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended with the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing as they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance of the crown on each dear brow,
There would be no smile to smother, no hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight to the bells across the snow.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Luke ii, 8-15.

HAT was the first angelic word
That the startled shepherds heard?
Fear not! behold it comes to you
As a Christmas message, most sweet and true.
As true for you as it was for them
In the lonely fields of Bethlehem.
And as sweet to-day as it was that night,
When the glory dazzled their mortal sight.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

The shepherds sing, and shall I silent be?
My soul 's a shepherd, too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is Thy word; the streams thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Outsing the daylight hours.

George Herbert.

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OOD tidings! Good tidings!
The world is old and sad,
We need the blessed Christmas tide
To make us young and glad!
To darkened eyes that saw through tears
Their hearth-lights fade and die,
This holy radiance appears —
The dayspring from on high.

Good tidings! Good tidings!
The music shall not cease.
He came to guide our wayward feet
Into the way of peace.
Chime tuneful bells, and loudly ring,
To hail the Christmas morn;
Awake all christian souls and sing,
To us a child is born.

Anonymous.

Christmas Rejoicing.

RING out in joyful chorus,
In numbers sweet, oh earth!
Chant forth in loud hosannas,
Our royal Savior's birth.
Over the mount and valley,
O'er forest and o'er plain,
Awake the old, old story
In loftiest notes again.

Down through the vanished ages,
Along the shores of time,
Like streams of silvery beauty,
We hear its echoed chime.
Millions of silent voices
Have joined the glorious hymn,
Glad eyes have caught its rapture,
Whose light in death is dim.

To-day we stand with Shepherds
Beneath Judea's skies;
We hear from Heaven's high portals
Triumphant strains arise.
We watch the star whose brightness
Doth guide them safely — where
With deepest awe and wonder
They find Messiah there.

F. B. M. Brotherson.

Christmas Bells.

DEAR are the sounds of the Christmas chimes
In the land of the ivied towers,
And they welcome the dearest of festival times
In this western world of ours!
Bright on the holly and misletoe bough,
The English firelight falls,
And bright are the wreathed evergreens now
That gladden our own home walls.
And hark! the first sweet note that tells
The welcome of the Christmas Bells.

They are ringing to-night through the Norway firs,
And across the Swedish fells,
And the Cuban palm tree dreamily stirs
To the sound of those Christmas Bells!
They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls
Its flood through the rice fields wide;
They swell the far hymns of the Lapps and Poles,
To the praise of the Crucified.
Sweeter than the tones of the ocean's shells,
Mingles the chimes of the Christmas Bells.

The years come not back that have circled away
With the past of the Eastern land,
When he plucked the corn on the Sabbath day,
And healed the withered hand;
But the bells shall join in a joyous chime
For the one who walked the sea,
And ring again for the better time
Of the Christ that is to be!
Then ring! for earth's best promise dwells
In ye, O joyous prophet bells!

Anonymous.

Christ's Birthday.

HOW did they keep His birthday then,
The little fair Christ so long ago?
So many there were to be housed and fed,
And there was no place in the inn they said,
So into the manger the Christ must go,
To lodge with the cattle, and not with men.

The ox and the ass they munched their hay,
They munched, and they slumbered, wondering not,
And out in the midnight cold and blue,
The shepherds slept, and the sheep slept too,
Till the angel's song and the bright star ray,
Guided the wise men to the spot.

But only the wise men knelt and prayed,
And only the shepherds came to see,
And the rest of the world cared not at all
For the little Christ in the oxen's stall.
And we are angry and amazed
That such a dull, hard thing should be.

OW do we keep Christ's birthday now?
We ring the bells, and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere,
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic, and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

Are we no better, then, than they
Who failed the new-born Christ te see.
To them a helpless babe — to us
He shines a Savior glorious,
Our Lord, our Friend, our All—yet we
Are half asleep this Christmas day.

Susan Coolidge.

CHRISTMAS gifts for thee,
Fair and free,
Precious things from the heavenly store,
Filling thy casket more and more.
Golden love in divinest chain
That never can be untwined again;
Silvery carols of joy that swell
Sweetest of all in the heart's lone cell.

Pearls of peace that were sought for thee
In the terrible depths of a fiery sea;
Diamond promises sparkling bright,
Flashing in farthest reaching light.
Christmas gifts for thee,
Grand and free;
Christmas gifts from the King of love,
Brought from His royal home above.

Brought to thee in a far-off land,
Brought to thee from his own dear hand,
Promises held by Christ for thee,
Peace as a river flowing free.
Joy that in His own joy must live,
And love that infinite Love can give;
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

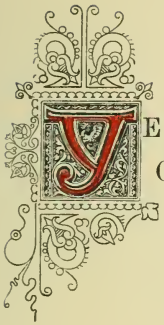
IT is the Christmas time
And up and down twixt Heaven and Earth
In the glorious grief and solemn mirth
The shining angels climb.

I. M. Mulock.

Christ's Birthday! soft come floating down
The manger songs from bygone years:
Till earth's white robe new glory wears,
And brightly in her shining crown
Each lonely star a guide appears.

Our Birthday! If we wake to life,
The life that ever moveth on,
That knows no change of time or death,
But like a calm stream 'mid earth's strife,
Mirrors the heaven it looks upon.

Lydia L. A. Very.



E who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother
In this fast fading year;
Ye, who by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!

Let sinned against and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now.
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the Holly bough.

Charles Mackay.

Christmas Outcasts.

CHRIST died for all; and on the hearts of all
Who gladly decorate their cheerful homes
At Christmas tide, this blessed truth should fall,
That they may mix some honey with the gall
Of those to whom a Christmas never comes.

The poor are everywhere in Nature's course,
Yet they may still control some sweetened crumbs,
No matter what they lack in heart or purse,
But there are those whose better fate is worse,
To whom no day of Christmas ever comes.

Christ died for all; He came to find the lost,
Whether they bide in palaces or slums,
No matter how their lines of life are crossed,
And they who love him best will serve him most
By helping those to whom no Christmas ever comes.

Anonymous.

Christmas Roses.

I gave into a brown and tired hand
A stem of roses, sweet and creamy white.
I know the bells rang merry tunes that night,
For it was Christmas time throughout the land,
And all the skies ware hung with lanterns bright.

The brown hand held my roses gracelessly,
They seemed more white within their dusky vase;
A scarlet wave suffused the woman's face.
My hands so seldom hold a flower, said she,
I think the lovely things feel out of place.

Oh, tired hands, that are unused to flowers!
Oh, feet, that tread on nettles all the way!
God grant His peace may fold you round to-day,
And cling in fragrance when these Christmas hours,
With all their mirthfulness, have passed away.

Mrs. May Riley Smith.

SOME say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long.
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch has power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Shakespeare

Do the angels know the blessed day,
And strike their harps anew?
Then may the echo of their lay
Float sweetly down to you,
And fill your soul with Christmas song,
That your heart shall echo your whole life long.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

Christmas Carol.

COME and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be;
'Tis He is born, whose quickening birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
To Heaven and the under earth.

We see Him come, and know Him ours,
Who, with His sunshine and His showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

The nobler part
Of all the house here is the heart,
Which we will give Him, and bequeath
This holly and this ivy wreath,
To do Him honor, who 's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

Robert Herrick.

IT is His birthday — His, the only one
Who ever made life's meaning wholly plain,
Dawn is He to our night.

Lucy Larcom.

No longer vain
And purposeless our onward struggling years,
The hope He bringeth overfloods our fears.

Lucy Larcom.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, He is bread,
If any be a bondsman, He is free.
To dead men life, He is to sick men health,
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth,
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

Giles Fletcher.

'Tis Christmas Day.

IS Christmas Day! Glad voices
Repeat the pleasant sound;
And happy faces in our home,
And loving looks abound.
Why do we thus greet Christmas morn?
It is the day that Christ was born.

With little gifts that tell our love,
With garlands on the wall,
With thankful hearts and helpful hands,
We keep a festival.
Why do we thus keep Christmas morn?
It is the day that Christ was born.

Full eighteen hundred years ago
Christ Jesus came on earth,
He came, He lived, He died for us,
We thank God for his birth;
And therefore we keep Christmas morn,
The day our Savior Christ was born.

Christ healed the sick, and helped the poor,
When He was on the earth;
Do what you can to be like Him
The morning of His birth.
Help some one to keep Christmas morn,
The day your Savior Christ was born.

Hymns for Children.

GOD bless the master of the house,
The mistress also,
And all the little children
That round the table go.
And all your kin and kinsfolks,
That dwell both far and near,
I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year.

Anonymous.

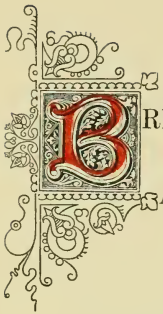
Upon the Threshold.

NCE more we stand with half reluctant feet,
Upon the threshhold of another year,
That line where Past and Present seem to meet
In stronger contrast than they do elsewhere.

Look back a moment — does the prospect please,
Or does the weary heart but sigh regret?
Can recollection smile, or ill at ease
With what is past, wish only to forget?

Here ends the chequered page of prose and verse,
Of shapely words and lines writ all awry;
There they must stand for better or for worse,
So shut the book, and bid the year good bye.

Anonymous.



REAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Tennyson.

LD year good-bye ! old year good-bye !
For what it brought, for what it takes
We love it and for loved one's sake,
Prized for the hours of happiness,
Nor for its sacred sorrows less,
For all it gave through toil and strife
Of new significance to life.

W. H. Burleigh.

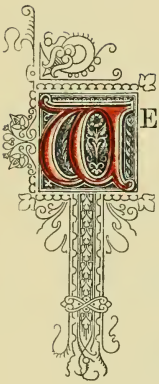
Life's shadows are meeting eternity's day.

J. G. Clarke.

The yesterdays look backward with a smile.

Young.

A New Year.



WELCOME, O New Year, with stainless white pages,
Though we may blot them ere long with our tears;
So it has been through the long-passing ages,
Worn with the footprints of close crowding years.
Welcome sweet year! may the full-handed hours
Find us like servants who wait for their Lord,
Using, with earnest devotion, our powers,
Looking for Him, and obeying his word.

Anonymous.

WHAT shall I wish thee? Treasures of earth,
Songs in the springtime, pleasures and mirth,
Flowers on thy pathway, skies ever clear,
Would this ensure thee a Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee? What can be found
Bringing the sunshine all the year round?
Where is the treasure, lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee a Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth walking in light,
Hope that aboundeth, happy and bright,
Love that is perfect, casting out fear,
These shall ensure thee a Happy New Year.

Peace in the Savior, rest at His feet,
Smile of His countenance, radiant and sweet,
Joy in his presence! Christ ever near!
This will ensure thee a Happy New Year.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

SO long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Cardinal Newman.

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